FLASH GORDON

WE'RE FALLING LIKE A METEOR-- IT'S A MATTER OF MINUTES TILL WE CRASH !
GOODBYE, FLASH DARLING. AT LEAST WE'RE GOING OUT TOGETHER IN A BLAZE OF GLORY

Daily Series I, Story 004

"Disaster in Space"

December 15, 1941 to January 17, 1942

by Austin Briggs

ACROSS TRACKLESS SPACE FLASH'S INTERPLANETARY ROCKET ROARS TOWARD THE DISTANT PLANET, MONGO

IN THE LITTLE WORLD INSIDE THE ROCKET, ALL ARE BUSY. FLASH KEEPS THE ROCKET ON ITS COURSE--ZARKOV SOLVES SPACE-NAVIGATION PROBLEMS--AND DALE FURNISHES FOOD AND CHEER.
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ANXIOUSLY, FLASH WATCHES HIS PATCHED-UP VESSEL FOR SIGNS OF STRAIN OR FAILURE --THOUGH HE TRIES NOT TO LET DALE KNOW, HE'S WORRIED
12-15

"LOOK, THERE'S MONGO!" FLASH EXCLAIMS. DALE ADDS EAGERLY, "WHERE WE'VE SHARED SO MANY DANGERS AND SO MANY JOYS!"

SWIFTLY THE ROCKET SPEEDS TOWARD ITS PRE-DETERMINED MEETING-POINT IN SPACE WITH THE WHIRLING PLANET OF MONGO, THEN SUDDENLY THERE IS A BREAK IN THE EVEN RYTHM OF THE ROCKET'S BLASTS ~

THE THREE SPACE-TRAVELERS FEEL THE SHARP CHANGE IN THE ROCKET'S MOTION. "WHAT'S WRONG?" DALE GASPS. FLASH AND ZARKOV BOTH KNOW THEY FACE DISASTER!
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12-16

TENSELY, FLASH CHECKS THE DIFFERENT BATTERIES OF ROCKETS WHICH DRIVE THE VESSEL THROUGH SPACE. "NUMBER SIX AND SEVEN AREN'T FIRING!" HE TELLS ZARKOV
12-17

SUDDENLY, ANOTHER SET OF ROCKETS FAIL--AND THE VESSEL REELS IN SPACE, WHIRLING DANGEROUSLY OFF BALANCE
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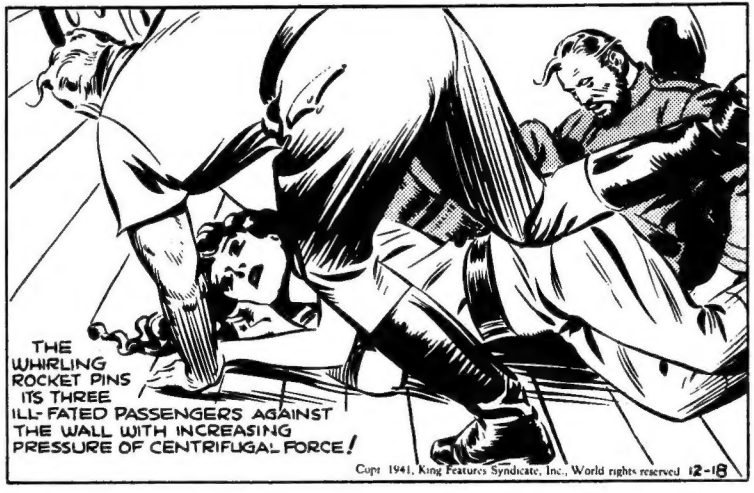
WITH ONE ENTIRE SECTION OF ROCKETS SILENT, THE SPACE-SHIP SPINS LIKE A PINWHEEL, GATHERING SPEED!

THE SPACE-ROCKET SPINS IN AN EVER-NARROWING CIRCLE, GAINING SPEED--SOON IT WILL TEAR ITSELF TO PIECES WITH ITS CRAZY MOTION!


THE WHIRLING ROCKET PINS ITS THREE ILL-FATED PASSENGERS AGAINST THE WALL WITH INCREASING PRESSURE OF CENTRIFUGAL FORCE!
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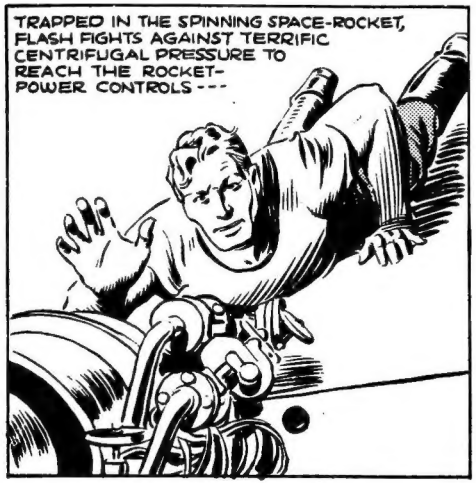
FLASH CALLS ON HIS UTMOST RESERVES OF STRENGTH AND CRAWLS SLOWLY TOWARD THE ROCKET-TUBE SWITCH-BOARD


TRAPPED IN THE SPINNING SPACE-ROCKET, FLASH FIGHTS AGAINST TERRIFIC CENTRIFUGAL PRESSURE TO REACH THE ROCKET-POWER CONTROLS---

IN A DESPERATE EFFORT, FLASH THROWS THE RETARDING ROCKET-TUBES INTO ACTION --AND THE SHOCK SHAKES THE SPACE-SHIP AS IF IT HAD BEEN DEALT A TERRIFIC BLOW!
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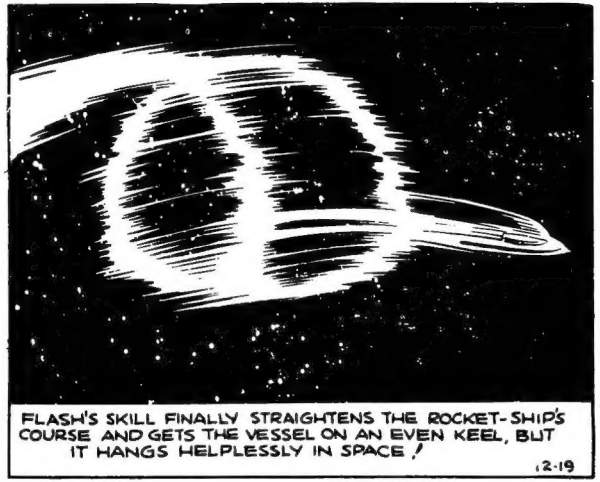
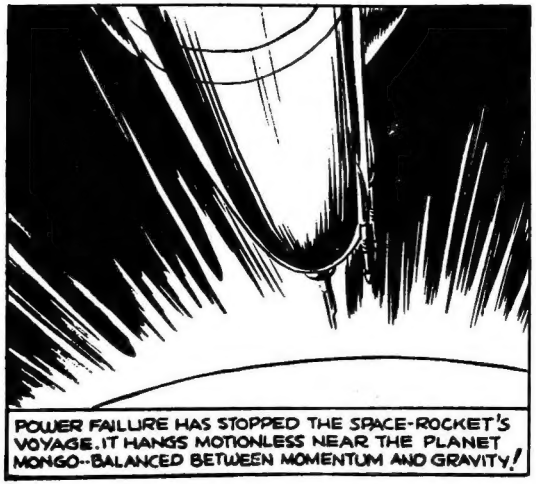

FLASH'S SKILL FINALLY STRAIGHTENS THE ROCKET-SHIP'S COURSE AND GETS THE VESSEL ON AN EVEN KEEL, BUT IT HANGS HELPLESSLY IN SPACE!
12-19


POWER FAILURE HAS STOPPED THE SPACE-ROCKET'S VOYAGE. IT HANGS MOTIONLESS NEAR THE PLANET MONGO--BALANCED BETWEEN MOMENTUM AND GRAVITY!

AS THE SHAKEN PASSENGERS PULL THEMSELVES TOGETHER, FLASH MAKES A FINAL TEST OF HIS ROCKET-TUBES-- BUT HE ALREADY KNOWS THE GRIM ANSWER
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FLASH COMFORTS DALE AND KEEPS HIS SECRET--THE FACT THAT THEIR ROCKET, IS CAUGHT IN MONGO'S ORBIT, A TINY MOON CIRCLING FOREVER IN ICY SPACE!
12-20
NEXT WEEK: A VENTURE INTO SPACE!

FLASH TRIES TO KEEP DALE FROM REALIZING HOW GRAVE IS THEIR DANGER. HE GETS ZARKOV ASIDE: "IF WE DON'T GET THE ROCKETS FIRING AGAIN, WE'RE STRANDED IN SPACE, LIKE A NEW MOON OF MONGO!"

BUT DALE HAS HAD ENOUGH EXPERIENCE IN SPACE-TRAVEL TO UNDERSTAND THE DISASTER. "--FLASH--I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU TO DO WHATEVER YOU THINK BEST, NO MATTER WHAT RISK FOR US IS INVOLVED!"

SWIFTLY, FLASH AND ZARKOV TURN THE ROCKET'S EMERGENCY EXIT INTO AN AIR-LOCK. "IF THIS ISN'T AIR-TIGHT, ALL OUR AIR WILL ESCAPE INTO SPACE WHEN I GO OUTSIDE TO WORK ON THE ROCKET-TUBES!" FLASH WARNS
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THE AIR-LOCK IS FINISHED- "IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, JUST REMEMBER, DALE, THAT I WAS GLAD TO TAKE THE RISK, ON THE CHANCE OF SAVING YOU, DEAR----GOOD-BYE"

FLASH DONS A SPACE-SUIT-- A METAL-CLOTH OUTFIT WITH A GLASSITE OXYGEN HELMET, STRONG ENOUGH TO KEEP HIS BODY FROM EXPLODING IN THE VACUUM OF OUTER SPACE

IN A DARING ATTEMPT TO REPAIR THE ROCKET-POWER OF THE STALLED SPACE-SHIP, FLASH CRAWLS INTO THE AIR-LOCK AND HIS LOYAL COMRADES FASTEN IT BEHIND HIM, MORE WORRIED OVER HIS DANGER THAN THEIR OWN DESPERATE PLIGHT.
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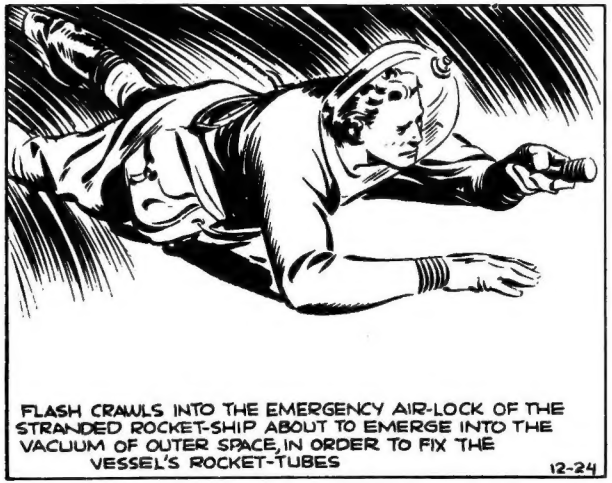
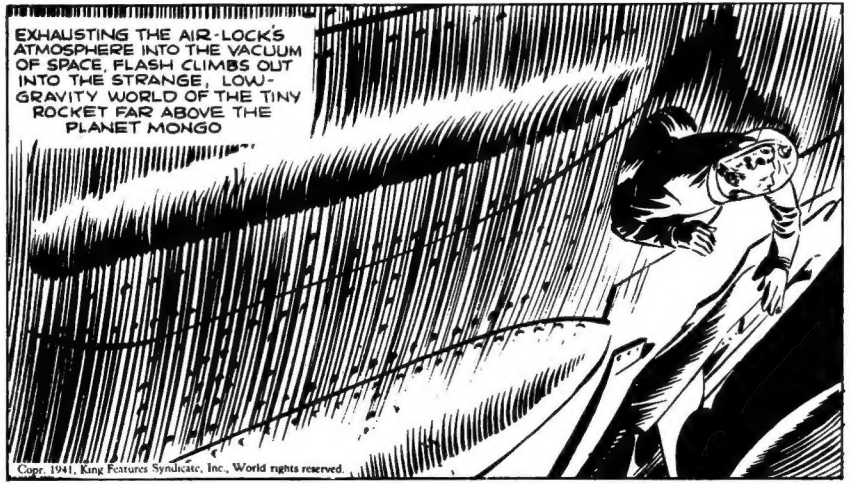

FLASH CRAWLS INTO THE EMERGENCY AIR-LOCK OF THE STRANDED ROCKET-SHIP ABOUT TO EMERGE INTO THE VACUUM OF OUTER SPACE, IN ORDER TO FIX THE VESSEL'S ROCKET-TUBES
12-24

WITH EXTREME CARE FLASH OPENS THE OUTER EMERGENCY DOOR A CRACK. INSTANTLY, ALL THE AIR IN THE AIR-LOCK BURSTS OUT INTO EMPTY SPACE....


EXHAUSTING THE AIR-LOCK'S ATMOSPHERE INTO THE VACUUM OF SPACE, FLASH CLIMBS OUT INTO THE STRANGE, LOW-GRAVITY WORLD OF THE TINY ROCKET FAR ABOVE THE PLANET MONGO
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IN HIS SPACE SUIT AND OXYGEN HELMET, FLASH VENTURES OUT ONTO THE SURFACE OF HIS ROCKET-SHIP, STRANDED POWERLESS IN THE OUTERMOST RANGE OF GRAVITY OF MONGO

UNZIPPING HIS KNAPSACK OF TOOLS, FLASH GOES TO WORK ON ONE OF THE BROKEN-DOWN POWER-TUBES--CAREFUL NOT TO LET HIS EFFORTS PUSH HIM AWAY FROM THE WEAK GRAVITY OF THE ROCKET OR HE MIGHT FLOAT ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY, FOREVER IN SPACE
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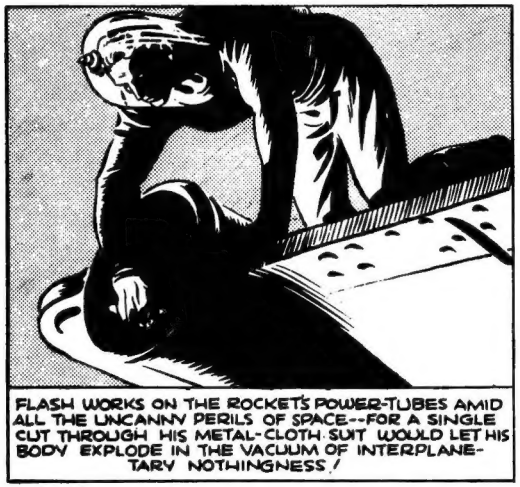
12-25


FLASH WORKS ON THE ROCKET'S POWER-TUBES AMID ALL THE UNCANNY PERILS OF SPACE--FOR A SINGLE CUT THROUGH HIS METAL-CLOTH SUIT WOULD LET HIS BODY EXPLODE IN THE VACUUM OF INTERPLANETARY NOTHINGNESS!

AT LAST, HE LEARNS THE COMPLETE TRUTH, WHICH HE HAD SUSPECTED-- ALL THE ROCKET-CHARGES ARE EXHAUSTED, AND THE ROCKET CAN NEVER REACH MONGO UNDER ITS OWN POWER!
12-26
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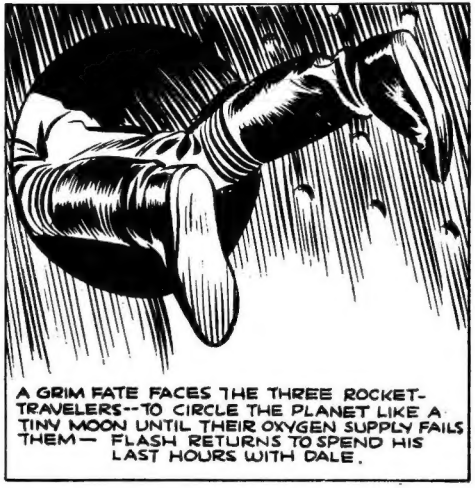
A GRIM FATE FACES THE THREE ROCKET-TRAVELERS--TO CIRCLE THE PLANET LIKE A TINY MOON UNTIL THEIR OXYGEN SUPPLY FAILS THEM— FLASH RETURNS TO SPEND HIS LAST HOURS WITH DALE.

CAREFULLY FLASH CLOSES THE OUTER DOOR OF THE AIR-LOCK--FOR ANY LEAK WOULD LET THE ROCKET'S AIR SUPPLY ESCAPE, AND WOULD END THE LIVES OF THE THREE DOOMED PASSENGERS A FEW HOURS SOONER....
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HE SIGNALS ON THE AIR-LOCK'S INNER DOOR -- AND ZARKOV OPENS IT, FILLING THE CHAMBER WITH AIR AND LETTING FLASH CLIMB INTO THE ROCKET'S CABIN---

FOR ONCE FLASH HAS TO REPORT FAILURE: "THE POWER'S GONE AND WE'RE HELD HERE IN OUTER SPACE. I'M SORRY, DALE"
BUT DALE SAYS IN UTTER SINCERITY: "I'M SO GLAD TO GET YOU BACK--FROM OUT THERE-- THAT I DON'T CARE, JUST SO WE'RE TOGETHER, FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES, LONG OR SHORT"
NEXT WEEK
SOS IN SPACE

SO FAR FROM THE PLANET MONGO THAT NO TELESCOPE COULD SEE IT A NEW MOON HANGS IN THE SKY--FLASH GORDON'S ROCKET!
I WON'T GIVE UP! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN SAVE YOU, DALE
WHAT BOTHERS ME IS, THAT WE CAN NEVER GET WORD TO MONGO TO SEND RADIUM WEAPONS TO DEFEND FREEDOM ON OUR WORLD!
YOU'RE WONDERFUL, DALE - WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? WE MAY BE ABLE TO RIG UP A SPACE RADIO THAT'LL REACH MONGO'S RECEIVERS!
12-29
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TRAPPED IN SPACE BY THEIR BURNED-OUT ROCKETS, FLASH AND ZARKOV WORK FEVERISHLY TO FIX UP THEIR RADIO TRANSMITTER.
OUR BATTERIES HAVEN'T ENOUGH POWER TO REACH THE PLANET--AND THE DYNAMO'S DEAD FROM LACK OF ROCKET POWER!
GIVE ME YOUR RAY-PISTOLS. THEIR RADIUM CHARGES WILL RUN THE DYNAMO FOR A FEW MINUTES. IT'S A FIGHTING CHANCE--IF MONGO IS ONLY TUNED-IN!
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12-30

THE RADIO-POWER IS ON FULL STRENGTH NOW, FLASH! HURRY UP AND SEND THE S.O.S.--IT'LL ONLY LAST A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
12-31
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HELLO, MONGO! SEND WORD TO PRINCE BARIN THAT WE'RE STRANDED 85,000 MILES FROM MONGO. THIS IS FLASH GORDON. SEND HELP QUICKLY!
DALE STARES AT DISTANT MONGO WITH LITTLE HOPE, AS FLASH DESPERATELY BROADCASTS A MESSAGE TO MONGO'S RULERS, ASKING THAT AID BE SENT TO THE WAR-TORN EARTH AND, IF POSSIBLE, TO HIS STRANDED ROCKET-SHIP
THE POWER'S FAILING, FLASH! NO USE TO BROADCAST ANY LONGER. IF MONGO HASN'T HEARD US BY NOW, WE'RE OUT OF LUCK
YOU'VE DONE ALL THAT ANYONE COULD
KEEP TUNED TO MONGO'S OFFICIAL WAVE-LENGTH, ZARKOV---THEY'LL ANSWER, IF THEY HEARD US!
BUT NO ANSWER COMES FROM THE DISTANT PLANET, MONGO, --BE-CAUSE ITS RADIO HEAD-QUAR-TERS IS A MAD-HOUSE!
1-1
GET THAT STATION AGAIN OR YOU'RE ALL FIRED!
GET PRESIDENT BARIN! A MESSAGE FROM FLASH GORDON!
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PRINCE BARIN, PRESIDENT OF MONGO, ON RECEIVING A RADIO S.O.S FROM FLASH GORDON, STRANDED IN SPACE, AT ONCE PLANS TO RESCUE HIS OLD COMRADE

THEIR MESSAGES TRAILED OFF AS IF THE POWER WERE FAILING--
HELLO, FLASH-- THIS IS BARIN-- WE'LL TRY TO SAVE YOU!
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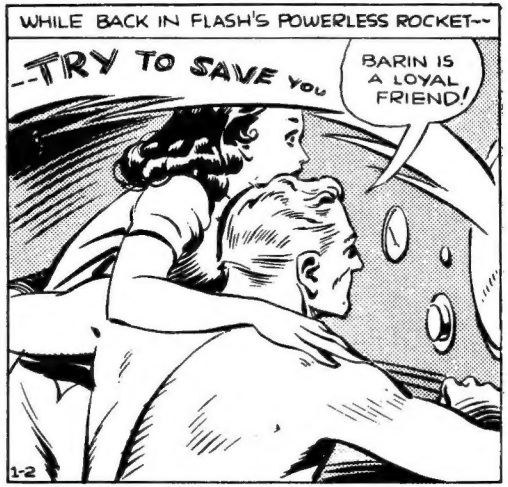
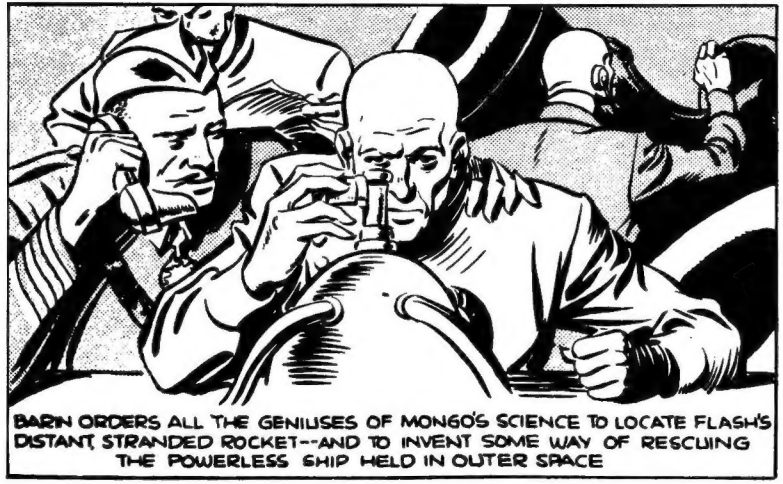

WHILE BACK IN FLASH'S POWERLESS ROCKET--
--TRY TO SAVE YOU
BARIN IS A LOYAL FRIEND!
1-2


BARIN ORDERS ALL THE GENIUSES OF MONGO'S SCIENCE TO LOCATE FLASH'S DISTANT STRANDED ROCKET--AND TO INVENT SOME WAY OF RESCUING THE POWERLESS SHIP HELD IN OUTER SPACE

MR. PRESIDENT, MY ELECTRONIC-ECHO HAS LOCATED A METALLIC OBJECT 85,000 MILES AWAY, BUT IT MAY BE ONLY A METEOR--

BUT INSIDE THE ROCKET-SHIP THE WAITING IS LONG AND DISCOURAGING, DESPITE BARIN'S ATTEMPTS TO SOUND HOPEFUL OF SUCCESS
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NEXT WEEK
MONGO'S SCIENCE MISFIRES!
1-3

DON'T DESPAIR, DALE! MONGO'S SCIENTISTS WILL INVENT SOME WAY OF RESCUING OUR HELPLESS ROCKET FROM ITS ORBIT CIRCLING AROUND THE PLANET

1-5
BUT PRINCE BARIN, PRESIDENT OF MONGO, IS LESS HOPEFUL, AS HIS SCIENTISTS STUDY THE PROBLEM OF SAVING FLASH ....

WE MIGHT BUILD A GIANT MODEL OF THIS MAGNETIC-RAY, WHICH WE USE TO BRING PLANES IN FOR BLIND LANDINGS, MR PRESIDENT
THAT'S THE ANSWER, DR. ZOLOV!
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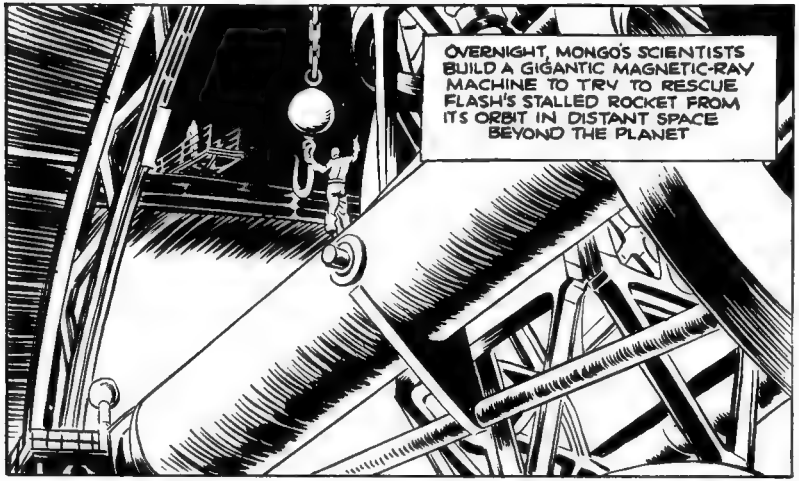
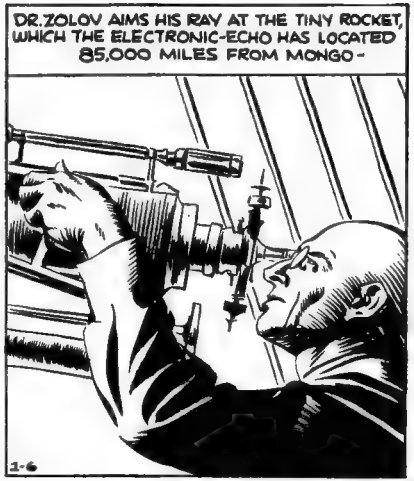

OVERNIGHT, MONGO'S SCIENTISTS BUILD A GIGANTIC MAGNETIC-RAY MACHINE TO TRY TO RESCUE FLASH'S STALLED ROCKET FROM ITS ORBIT IN DISTANT SPACE BEYOND THE PLANET


DR. ZOLOV AIMS HIS RAY AT THE TINY ROCKET, WHICH THE ELECTRONIC-ECHO HAS LOCATED 85,000 MILES FROM MONGO-
3-6

WHAT MADE THE ROCKET JUMP, FLASH? ARE WE FALLING?
IT MAY BE SOMETHING OUR FRIENDS ON MONGO DID-THEY'RE TRYING TO RESCUE US!
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HELLO, FLASH, THIS IS BARIN. WE'RE GRADUALLY PULLING YOUR ORBIT CLOSER TO MONGO, WITH THE MAGNETIC RAY-BEAM
GOOD OLD BARIN! HE'LL BRING US DOWN SAFELY---IF IT CAN BE DONE!

WHY ARE YOU USING MINIMUM POWER? IT'LL TAKE SO LONG TO BRING THE ROCKET DOWN!
IF WE CHANGED ITS COURSE TOO SUDDENLY, THE ROCKET WOULD FALL LIKE A METEOR AND CRASH!
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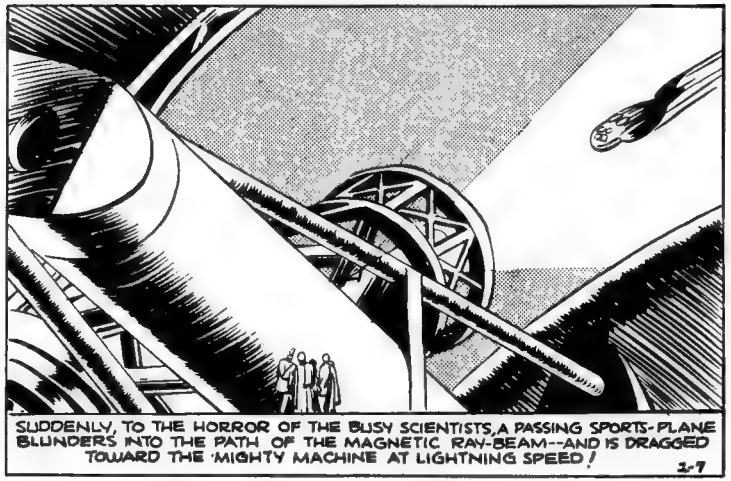
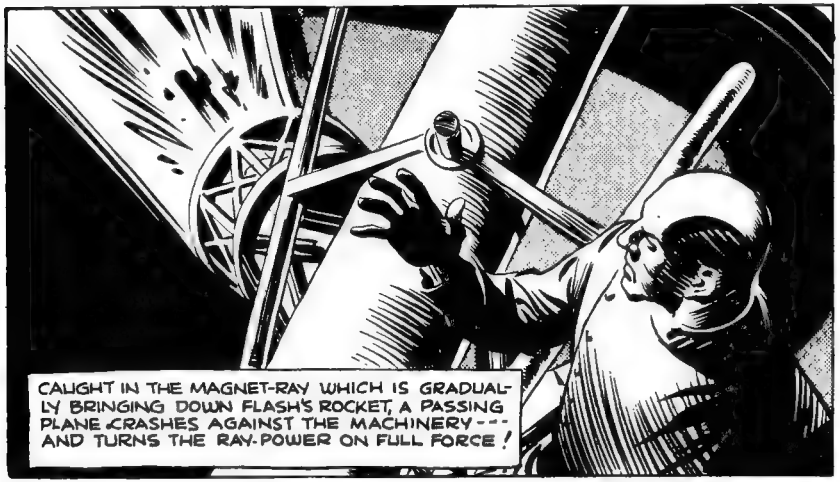

SUDDENLY, TO THE HORROR OF THE BUSY SCIENTISTS, A PASSING SPORTS-PLANE BLUNDERS INTO THE PATH OF THE MAGNETIC RAY-BEAM---AND IS DRAGGED TOWARD THE MIGHTY MACHINE AT LIGHTNING SPEED!
1-7


CAUGHT IN THE MAGNET-RAY WHICH IS GRADUALLY BRINGING DOWN FLASH'S ROCKET, A PASSING PLANE CRASHES AGAINST THE MACHINERY---AND TURNS THE RAY-POWER ON FULL FORCE!

TURN OFF THE POWER! THE ROCKET WILL BE DRAGGED STRAIGHT TOWARD THE GROUND!
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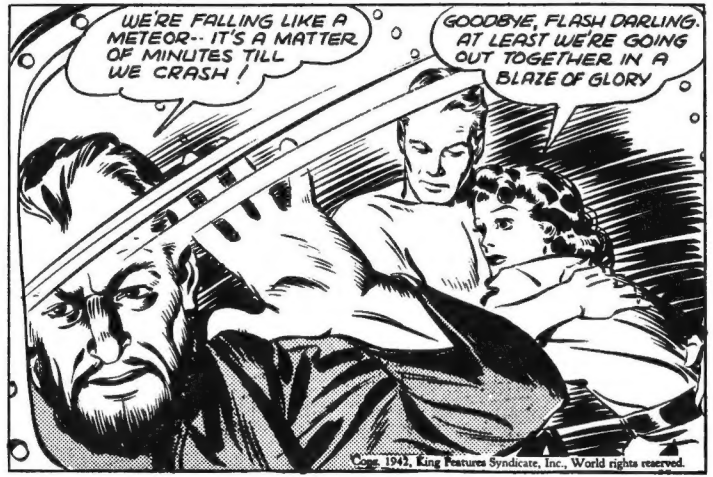
BUT THE DAMAGE IS DONE-THE POWERLESS ROCKET PLUMMETS DOWN LIKE A METEOR, ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF ITS ILL-FATED PASSENGERS
1-8

THE ELECTRONIC-ECHO DECTECTOR SHOWS THAT FLASH'S ROCKET IS FALLING STRAIGHT TOWARD MONGO!

REVERSE THE MAGNETIC RAY AND USE IT'S REPELLENT POWER TO CUSHION THE ROCKET'S FALL!
IT'S NO USE, BARIN-- THE REVERSING TUBES WON'T WORK ANY MORE!
1-9


WE'RE FALLING LIKE A METEOR-- IT'S A MATTER OF MINUTES TILL WE CRASH!
GOODBYE, FLASH DARLING. AT LEAST WE'RE GOING OUT TOGETHER IN A BLAZE OF GLORY
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BRAVELY FLASH FACES THE CERTAINTY OF CRASHING LIKE A METEOR ON THE SURFACE OF MONGO----
AT LEAST WE'RE TOGETHER--AND IT'S TAKING AN ENTIRE PLANET TO FINISH US OFF!

THE COMMON CITIZENS OF MONGO STARE TRAGICALLY INTO THE SKY TO SEE THE FATE OF THEIR HERO AND LIBERATOR, FLASH GORDON.

BARIN, THERE'S ONE DESPERATE CHANCE TO SAVE FLASH--
AIR HEADQUARTERS? PRESIDENT BARIN SPEAKING! GET OUR BIGGEST WAR ROCKET OVER HERE WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS!
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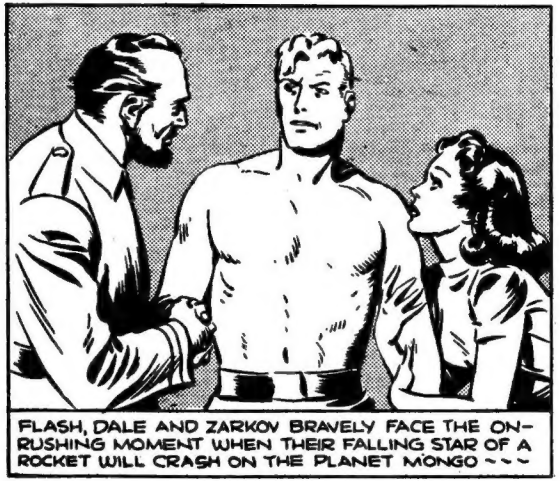
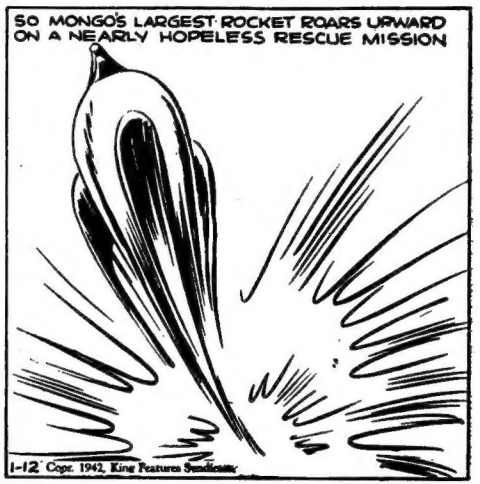
NEXT WEEK
SECONDS OF DOOM
1-10


FLASH, DALE AND ZARKOV BRAVELY FACE THE ON-RUSHING MOMENT WHEN THEIR FALLING STAR OF A ROCKET WILL CRASH ON THE PLANET MONGO ~~~

BUT MONGO IS MAKING ONE LAST EFFORT TO SAVE THEM---
LOAD THE MAGNETIC-RAY MACHINE INTO MAJOR RODAN'S ROCKET!


SO MONGO'S LARGEST ROCKET ROARS UPWARD ON A NEARLY HOPELESS RESCUE MISSION
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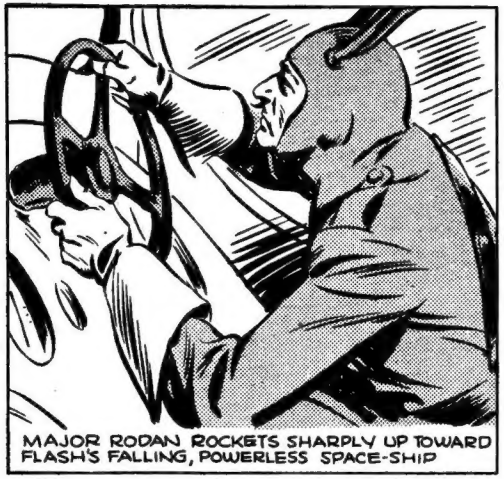
MAJOR RODAN ROCKETS SHARPLY UP TOWARD FLASH'S FALLING, POWERLESS SPACE-SHIP

HERE COMES FLASH'S SHIP! TURN ON OUR MAGNETIC-RAY FULL FORCE, CAPTAIN RIGOR
1-13
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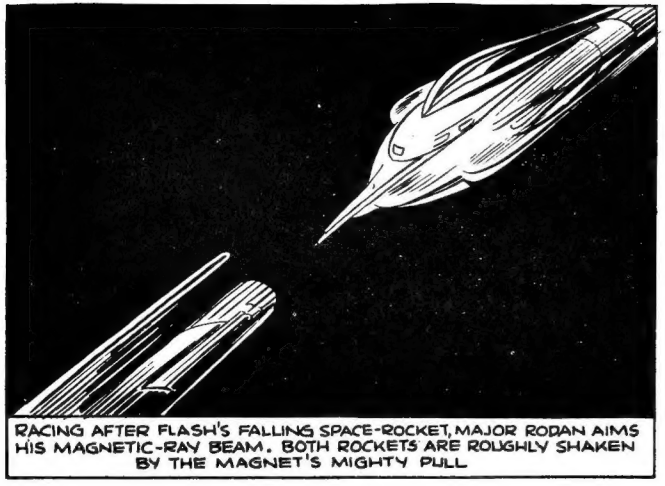
TURNING IN MID-AIR, HIGH ABOVE THE PLANET, RODAN'S WAR-ROCKET CHASES AFTER THE DIVING CRAFT THAT IS CARRYING FLASH TOWARD A HORRIBLE FATE....



RACING AFTER FLASH'S FALLING SPACE-ROCKET, MAJOR RODAN AIMS HIS MAGNETIC-RAY BEAM. BOTH ROCKETS ARE ROUGHLY SHAKEN BY THE MAGNET'S MIGHTY PULL

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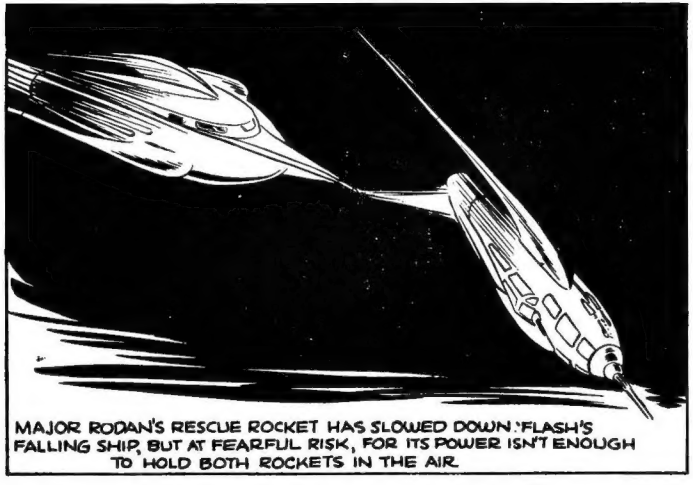

MAJOR RODAN'S RESCUE ROCKET HAS SLOWED DOWN FLASH'S FALLING SHIP, BUT AT FEARFUL RISK, FOR ITS POWER ISN'T ENOUGH TO HOLD BOTH ROCKETS IN THE AIR.

TURN OFF THE MAGNETIC-RAY AND LET FLASH'S ROCKET GO OR WE'LL BOTH CRASH !
NO, BY TAO! WE'LL HOLD ON 'TIL WE HIT THE GROUND, CAPTAIN DIGOR!

FLASH SEES THE DANGER AND SIGNALS THE OTHER SHIP TO LET GO AND SAVE ITSELF, BUT FOR DALE'S SAKE, HE'S GLAD HIS RESCUERS HAVE TOO MUCH GALLANTRY TO DESERT HIM.

1-15
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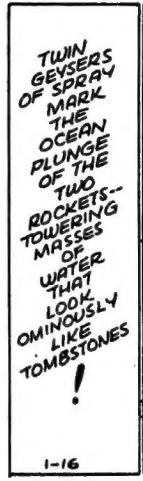
WITH THEIR ROCKETS HELD TOGETHER BY THE MAGNETIC-RAY, FLASH AND HIS RESCUER, MAJOR RODAN, ONLY PARTLY SLOWED DOWN, DROP TOWARD THE SURFACE OF MONGO


TWIN GEYSERS OF SPRAY MARK THE OCEAN PLUNGE OF THE TWO ROCKETS--TOWERING MASSES OF WATER THAT LOOK OMINOUSLY LIKE TOMBSTONES !
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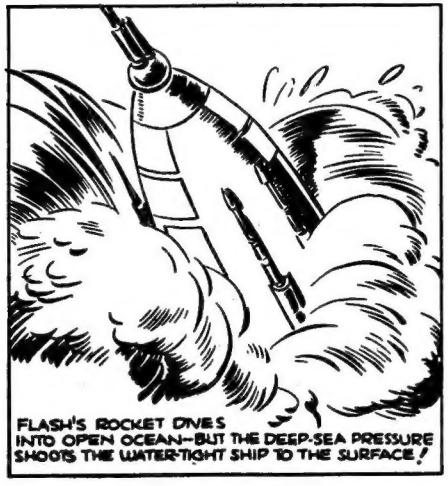

MAJOR RODAN'S ROCKET ALSO SPURTS TO THE SURFACE, AND UNDER FULL ROCKET POWER, HEADS TOWARD FLASH
THERE'S OUR GALLANT RESCUER, DALE!
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NEXT WEEK

A STORMY CRUISE!